

There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the Ivory." They are not, but like all counterfeiters, they lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for Ivory Soap and insist upon having it. 'Tis sold everywhere.

Hopkinsville Kentuckian.
18 AND 20 CENT
HOPKINSVILLE, KY. KENTUCKY
ADVERTISING RATES.
One inch one time \$1.00; one week \$1.50; six months \$10.00; twelve months \$15.00.
One column one time \$1.00; one week \$1.50; six months \$10.00; twelve months \$15.00.

TRUSTING.
She is a beauty, so they say,
A beauty girl, each day,
Earning bread the same way,
As a factory girl, each day.
She wears silk and lace dress,
Chignon curls and white gloves,
Twirls and spins and draws the line—
Twirls and spins and draws the line—
Yet she loves me for the best,
Not for her looks and her dress,
But for her heart and her soul,
And her heart and her soul,
I would be ashamed to look
At her in my meadow brook,
If I thought she'd be for me,
If I thought she'd be for me,
Such a bold, beautiful creature,
As she gave him, standing there,
Her heart and her soul,
And her heart and her soul,
When I met him in the town,
He was with me and with you,
Straight up and straight down,
Straight up and straight down,
For I read a language when
In his eyes a love complete—
She could tramp me "neath her feet."

"OLD STEADY'S" GAME.

The Trust Imposed in "Old Grizzly" Faithfully Kept.
"Set that, stranger. Mebbe you'll light? No! Humph! Life'd be too onery fact without my 'bacon,' an' it's no good, anyhow."
"That's as we take it, but this is a lonely place. How did you happen to settle here?"
"None of yer durned—no matter. Only folks round this canyon don't ask too many questions. 'Tain't considered good luck, not to say 'bacon.'"
"Beg your pardon; however, no offense was intended."
"Don't say no more—shako. Polly, bring the victuals."
Polly obeyed, the traveler watching her attentively. She was one of the sights he had come to see; an institution of this West, which was so full of interest for him. Tall, lithe, graceful, limpid-eyed, clean-shaven, spirited and ignorant.
She felt his eyes scanning her, and a flush rose under the tan of her cheek. For the first time in her life she was unpleasantly conscious of her bare feet—brown and shapely though they were—and the feeling gave her more confidence. It may have been that that made her stumble and spill the contents of her earthen bowl over the guest's knees, as she passed him in the narrow space before the deal table.
The flush deepened, and a quick tear of anger sprang to the dark eye; she faltered—half meaning to apologize—but an oath from her father checked the ineffectual courtesy, and turning, she left the cabin. A moment later, however, she came back with a pink calico behind a pile of rocks.
Old Steady also saw it, and sighed. "Don't wonder ye say 'tain't it. My girl, that's no chance. She's smart as a full-blooded filly. She'd over her old dad. Rough as I be, she sticks to me. I order be shot for cussin' her. Well, I ain't but I was; settin' here watchin' a pink calico behind a pile of rocks."
The visitor's eyes asked the question from which his lips refrained. The simple dinner eaten, the remnants were left to the flies, and the men's chairs tilted back against the outside of the house. Something in the younger one's frank face and manner had softened "Old Grizzly" to a reminiscent mood, and made him strangely inclined to gratify an idle curiosity.
Sage-bush, rock and alkali. The shadow of the rude home stretched out longer; from its shelter John Barr looked over the wilderness, and wondered where in its vastness he should find the man he sought.
"Stranger, I've took a notion to ye. Ye've got a notion 'bout ye 'tains me to one I kin beat. Ye look like a honest chap. Say I d'ye believe in ghosts?"
He put the question suddenly, eagerly, and a look of gloved disappointment followed the "Not at all" which it was received.
"Do you?"
"Yep. I've seen 'em."
A thought had come to the other, plucking connected with the gleam of pink calico.
There was a long silence. The keen eyes under the shaggy brows fixed themselves on the guest's face with intentness; who—realizing what a god-send his chance visit must be to this lonely soul—submitted in patience.
"Can't you tell me about it?"
"I'd be glad ter—darned glad! Ef ye'll wear yer darrer 'bout ye won't be bled."
The temptation to smile was banished by the thought of that unshed tear in Polly's dark eye. Humoring the old man might help her.

"I'll wear," he said, and did.
"Do ye see yer darrer 'bout ye won't be bled."
The temptation to smile was banished by the thought of that unshed tear in Polly's dark eye. Humoring the old man might help her.

The traveler stood up, put his shaggy hands to his mouth, and blew a shrill whistle. At the third repetition an answering whistle was heard, and the pink calico gown came in sight.
The oval cheek was redder from shame than exultation, as the girl advanced to her father's side. She had not meant again to face this guest who had witnessed her poverty and awkwardness, but she dared not disobey.
"Polly, have ye got the letter safe?"
"Yes, pop."
She held her dark eyes and searched both countenances with grave questioning.
"What for ye want ter know?"
"No matter. I want it."
"For him?"
"That ain't nothin' ter ye."
"Yes, pop, it is. I promised ter keep it till his own 'boy' come from the States. I promised agin last last day. Don't nater me ter give it up ter nobody else."
"Young un, what was 'Ol Steady's' name? He larned to ye so 'ye could spell it out like a school?"
"I don't see no school."
"Say it, I tell ye. Don't ye dar' go agin me?"
The impatient words were addressed to the reluctant girl, but "Ol Grizzly" cager gaze was on the stranger's face. With slow distinctness, feeling herself a traitor to a sacred memory, she pronounced the words:
"John—Willett—Barr."
The traveler paled from the shock, whose truth was sadder than he dreamed. A moment later he rose and disappeared in the canyon.
"Daddy, what for did ye make me? I want ter tell nobody but the 'boy.'"
"Yonder's him!"
"Him? Ol, Lordy!"
To both minds returned the same picture—the poor and barren death-chamber of "Ol Steady," his vain efforts for speech, his hopeless longing for the loved presence which had come and gone.
The moon had risen when Barr returned to the cabin. By the light of a kerosene-lamp he saw the girl within watching over a bulky envelope which lay upon the table.
She rose to meet him as he came within a few feet of her and paused. Lifting the lamp, and shading it with her hand so that the rays fell full upon her features, she examined them over and over critically than her father had done.
She would have risked life to defend, or to deliver to its rightful claimant, her sacred trust.
"Swar' ter me, stranger, be ye his 'boy?' Be ye—John—Willett—Barr?"
The sorrowful regret in the face confronting her was too genuine for further doubt. With a sigh of intense relief she held out her hand and the letter.
He took them both, and with the deference due a Queen bent and touched the brown fingers with his lips. Twice that day Polly's eyes had flashed with an unaccustomed mirth, but this time she hid them in her chamber.
The old man and his guest sat down outside. There would be time for such later—that hour was for silence.
It might have been midnight when the elder's hairy hand reached out and touched the other's sleeve; left it to point silently over the moonlit sward to the pile of rocks bordering the gulch.
The young man's eyes followed the gesture, then came suddenly back and met the triumphant gaze shot to him from beneath old Steady's beetling brow.
"He ain't set that afore sence I found his pile. I cal'ated he was hisself he'd be on han' ter-night ter his 'boy'?"
With arms extended, and a glad cry as of childhood, Barr ran toward the group of bowiders. Dimly, through her half-drawn slumber, Polly heard that happy "Father!" and smiled upon her pillow. "Grizzly" heard it, and felt a burden lifted from his faithful heart. The echoes of the canyon caught it up and tossed it back to one another in sweet succession till it died upon the night wind. Did it reach to the hungry heart in the lonely grave, and quiet its unrest? Who can tell?

"I dare not, John. We have been so differently trained. You have had a lifetime of learning. I, one little year. I am ignorant. I am not good enough. No, I won't say that. I am as good as you—a good as any of those beautiful women as see, but they are far better fitted to marry you."
A twelve-month of culture had not detracted from the proud, free grace of the creature who had grown up in the wilderness, and it was quite the old Polly who tossed back her pretty head, folded her shapely arms, and set her chin firmly to withstand her pleading lover.
He came close to her, but she dared not touch him. Once his lips had brushed her fingers; would they ever reach her perfect mouth?
"Darling, what has learning to do with you and me? Say I tell you what I see, always? A fresh-made grave in a lonely place, a group of rough men and a weeping girl, kneeling with folded hands and upturned faces. 'Old Steady' knows, as I know, that no other than his Polly can be wife to his boy, come!"
He held out his arms. A moment later, with the slow, sweet yielding of the conquered wildling that she was, she dropped to lie in his arms.
—Evelyn Hunt Raymond, in Leslie's Newspaper.

A Change of Sentiment.
Miss Mabelie Hartless (rounding letter)—Why, mamma, this letter is from David Whyte, and he says that Uncle David Whyte is dead.
Mrs. Hartless—He is, eh? Well, it's a small loss. The stinkiest old skin-snapper on earth! I never could endure the man!
Mabelie—But, mamma, just listen—he had his life insured for ten thousand dollars in our favor!
Mrs. Hartless—He did! It can't be—dead, good old man, that was I always knew he was kind at heart. Ten thousand dollars! We must go into mourning at once!—Drake's Magazine.

AMERICAN INVENTIONS.
The Supreme Law of Nature is the Law of the Nation. Simultaneously with the news of Edison's enthusiastic reception at Paris came an assurance, said to be from a member of the committee of awards, that American exhibitors would receive an amount of recognition from the judges far greater, in proportion to the extent of our display, than would be granted to those of any other country. The news is pleasing, but not surprising. We feel no hesitation in declaring that the display of American inventions outranks that of any other nation, if it does not surpass the combined displays of the civilized world. Our National pre-eminence in this respect is undisputed and indisputable. Long before the advent of the modern age, our countrymen were gradually, by our chief industrial competitor, England. An extensive list could be made of time and labor-saving machines that owe their existence to American ingenuity and that now find their way all over the globe. Doubtless this superiority is most apparent in respect to machinery, but it is also apparent in the practical details of commerce and travel, in printing, in domestic economy, in ministering to the comfort and convenience of daily life. It will repay some study if we inquire for the ultimate causes of this New-World supremacy. Some of these causes are doubtless hidden, but others are evident to the casual observer. First, it is our twin brother to discovery, and discovery is the *causa sine qua non* of our National existence. Just how, as we approach the Columbus jubilee centennial, the fact becomes exceedingly impressive. During all the nearly-completed four centuries, this has been a land of discovery. Explorations by land and sea, carried on for purposes of extending man's knowledge of the New World, have never for one decade been omitted. Consequently, eagerness to discover, hungry curiosity, restless discontent with the unknown have been inbred among the people on this continent during a dozen generations. Coupled with the desire of discovery has been the craving for power over nature. Here nature was always to be subdued. The world was long enough even made never numerous enough. So there was always the pressing need to multiply the power of the hands and to diminish the demands upon time. Most of all, our New World has honored inventors, therefore it has been honored by inventions. A signal instance of this is afforded in the history of electrical art and science. The three greatest names to be enumerated here are Franklin, Edison, and Edison. The first Americans to be mentioned next after Washington in our list of immortal names. The second was made a university professor, was showered with civil and academic honors, his lap was filled with wealth, and a statue was erected to his memory. The third has gone forth, loaded with fame achieved among us, and is making a triumphant tour of Europe.—Boston Advertiser.

A Rare Old Colonial Coin.
Edward Kennedy, employed on the Samuelson farm, in Windsor, Conn., has unearthed in one of the fields an ancient silver coin bearing the colonial stamp of Massachusetts. It is bright and the date and inscription are plain as ever. On one side is the figure of a Native American, and on the other "New England, 1752, VI." (shillings). The coin is one of the rarest of the colonial pieces. At the time it was struck the colonists had but little coin, because they had to send their money to England to buy supplies. Trade was carried on by barter, wampum, Indian corn, and even bullets being frequently the medium of exchange. Finally, in 1752, the Massachusetts Legislature authorized the coining of Pine Tree shillings, like that found by Kennedy, —Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The Pulpit and the Stage.
Rev. F. M. Abbott, Pastor United Brethren Church, Blue Mount, Kan.; says: "I feel my duty to tell what wonders Dr. King's New Discovery has done for me. My lungs were so bad that I could only cough a few words. I took five bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery and an amount and weight, getting 25 lbs. in weight."
Arthur L. McComb writes: "After a thorough trial and convincing evidence, I am confident Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, Colds, and Cures, when everything else fails. The good kind of a cough can do many things and friends is to urge them to try it." Free trial bottles at H. B. Garner's Pharmacy Drug Store. Regular size 50c and \$1.00.

Epoch.
The transition from long, lingering and painful sickness to robust health makes an epoch in the life of the individual. Such a remarkable event, interesting to the family and the community, is why the good health has been attained is gratefully blessed. Hence it is that so much is said of Electric Bitters. So many feel they owe their restoration to health, to the use of the Great Atlantic and Pacific Bitters, and to the knowledge of the agency and permanent cure. Dr. King's New Discovery, Liver or Stomach, of long or short standing you will surely find relief by use of Electric Bitters. Sold at 50c and \$1 per bottle at H. B. Garner's Pharmacy.

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